|  |
| --- |
| **Domestic Work, 1937**  *Natasha Trethewey*  **All week she's cleaned someone else's house, stared down her own face in the shine of copper- bottomed pots, polished wood, toilets she'd pull the lid to--that look saying**  ***Let's make a change, girl*.**  **But Sunday mornings are hers-- church clothes starched and hanging, a record spinning on the console, the whole house dancing. She raises the shades, washes the rooms in light, buckets of water, Octagon soap.**  ***Cleanliness is next to godliness* ...**  **Windows and doors flung wide, curtains two-stepping forward and back, neck bones bumping in the pot, a choir of clothes clapping on the line.**  ***Nearer my God to Thee* ...**  **She beats time on the rugs, blows dust from the broom like dandelion spores, each one a wish for something better.**    from *Domestic Work*, 1999 Graywolf Press, St. Paul, Minn.  Copyright 1999 by Natasha Trethewey. All rights reserved. Reproduced with permission ([*click for permissions information*](https://www.loc.gov/poetry/180/p180-permissions.html#025)). |
|  |  |

https://www.loc.gov/poetry/180/images/tier2-5_base.gif